UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. PUBLISHERS,
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1115.

Original Poetry.

APOSTROPHE
TO THE ART OF PRINTING.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY C. C. LANE.

Immortal art! Invention's fairest child!
Though rude the birth land Heaven on it smiled;
Philosophy and science hailed thy car,
And Freedom rose to meet thee from afar;
Then at gutherd laurels fresh from every age,
Flinging new glories o'er the page of page,
Like the fair goddess of the Timotheus's brain,
Thou hellest o'er the sea thy peaceful reign:
Yet what sweet fate the most prominent yield
Beneath the cornue of thy bright orb's shield.
And justice, when Time shows at its equal glance
Along her scales, adjusts her golden beam.
Before thy might and heavy Argus eyes,
Which no sheered one of Mars can surprise,
Black cadenary lays by his seeming sheep,
And rest on her secrecy dark lap.
Mercimin, superstition, I see them now—
The diamond light that lit the heart of yore,
Over which the beams of thought in beauty play,
Seem a star-cluster of the milky way:
Upon—like then when the heart was frozen of white.
And warmed back the shades of mental night,
To guard the fountain-portfolio of the mind
That ignorance and bigotry combined
Are ever digging in our path—as then
We look on it as some sacred thing.
As did the Israelite to Moses' rod,
Or the old Roman to his household god.

Yet to one friend'd people of thy choice
A great almighty power country's young
Are not confined; thousands of leagues beyond
Far freedom's hold or science's polished bound,
Thou reverent smile'st on the wild
With secret light of Heaven's diffused intent.
Along the Ganges's sacred banks of old
Where superstitious phrenzy far and wide
Hath incessantly its purpose held
Of human sacrifice, and infant slaughter swell'd
God-like thou standest in thy strength parade.
To print with truth the rude foreign land
Where the sweet Caffir in the neck or tree
Hid fabric shadows of Mumbo Jumbo,
And where the Zealander, with viper rage,
On fellow death his banner did assuage.
Beneath the banner of heaven's own hero rope.
Thou guest forth the messenger of hope:
Thy revealing northward through the sacred deep,
Hast rescued the Saint-widow from his long sleep;
The Christian, with his bread heaven,
In love thou'st taught to raise the rude incense.

Vernacular Sketch.

TRUSTING APPEARANCES.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ.

[It gives us no small pleasure to find that Mr. Jones, who is an old friend and correspondent, is more than fulfilling his boyish promise of becoming a worse being more to perceive than to observe; as evinced by his sending this story to our present address. We hope to hear from him frequently, and trust that we may not be disappointed.—*Ed. Post.*]

"There are a good many folks in this world who are cussingly taken by outside looks," said my Aunt Sally, the other evening. None Aunt Sally is an old maid, past redemption—one of the "forever single" good old soul, she's hard upon sixty. She always did say, though, that she needn't have been a spinster at all, for even if she had a mind to, with such a face that come along—and I do believe her. Like most old folks, she seems sometimes to run of a notion, that they only also must be thinking over in their youth, but what she is dreaming about—in a kind of magnetic communication, as the Mesmerites say—though Aunt Sally knows nothing of Mesmerism; and I think it would be better for some younger people, if they didn't. But she appears to fancy, when she's of memory-strong the end of the matter—and I do—and then breaks out in a new spot with some wise saw, that all of us must know just what she means by it. It was after the old fashion with her, and true.

"There are a great many people in this world, who are amazingly taken by outside looks." Then she blinked her chair nearer to the fire and drew the skein of her gown a inch, held her right hand first the to warm her fingers, and looked all round, first to father, then to mother, then to Fanny, and then to me, as if she waited for one of us to speak. Nobody said a word, and she passed her lips up, trotted her left leg to the right knee, and looked right into the fire. I saw the old lady kind of wanted somebody to speak, so I took my eyes off of Chimy on Evidence a minute, and said—

"That's a fact, Aunt Sally, appearances are deceitful; but what's to be done about it?"

"Why Ezekiel," said she, "didn't you see that in the Philadelfy Post?"

"What in the Post?" said I.

Aunt Sally took up the newspaper and pointed to a paragraph which set out how a poor old drunken creature had down on a railroad, and went to sleep, and how the whole train of cars run right over him all to pieces, and how his jog was broken in his hand; and furthermore that he had left a desicrate widow, and that the children, of course, were left helpless from infancy, had grown up helpless from bad examples; and that the case was a real one of desolation, and that it ought to make folks feel right—the same sort of reflections that every body naturally makes when such a case comes before the country. Well, I read it out loud for the old lady, and she took it all the same a painful narrative enough, I couldn't have any thing in it which had any thing to do with Aunt Sally, for I knew that she and Aunt Sally, I don't see now, what you are coming at."

Father looked as though he did, but as mother and Fanny, and I all looked curious, he looked right into the fire, and then he said—

"I could have told that man what would be his end, forty years ago."

"Why, sure," says I, "they didn't have rail-roads then, nor steam of them."

"Never you mind," Ezekiel Jones. People who are too fond of the bottle didn't have to wait till railroads came in fashion, to find that sudden death laid in ambush for them. I can tell you, I've looked that grave always caged for him, ever since the world was made, and many is the fine young man, who has been in my company, I've done him the favor to look forward which way he felt was slipping; or before ever he found out that he didn't stand as fast as the institution in the Bible, I've seen him on the edge, and being that you want to hear it, and that Fanny is here too, I mean to tell it." And father he folded up the newspaper, and looked at the lamp, to see how mother made haste to count her stitches in the knitting work, where she was drawing in to fix my calves. Fanny sly pinched my left ear with one hand, and mother made haste to count her stitches in the knitting work, where she was drawing in to fix my calves. Fanny sly pinched my left ear with one hand, and my husbands smiles, and we all put on our listening caps for ——

AUNT SALLY'S STORY.

"I'm going to talk about things that I don't often mention: for when a body's none and eain begins to look as if they were forever going to kiss each other, and the gray hairs with smooth locks begin to curl up, and the hands are shrivelled and skinny, and the lips puckered and thin, it seems kind of strange to young folks that old folks, and old souls in particular, should talk as if they had ever known or felt what they like what we used to call love when I was a girl, and what you still know by the same name, for want of a better. But I can tell you, Fanny Arbuckle, that my cheeks were once as full and red as yours (didn't Fan blush and simper,) and that my lips pouted as handsome and red for a kiss, [she couldn't help saying half spitefull,] and that I showed as pretty a set of teeth when I laughed. [Lord, how Fanny's eyes snapped!] There wasn't a deficient waist in the State, and I had as good looking a pair of feet to stand upon, as them that are now peeping out from under your new alpaca-bows."

I guess Fanny's feet were drawn in about the quickest. Father he went off into a horse-laugh, and mother looked pleased enough. Aunt Sally stooped over and looked at Fanny's gown, as if she had just thought of minding it. "There," says she, "it's a good deal like what we used to call Prince's cloth, when I was a girl, but it's got more of a gloss. But that isn't telling my story.

"There was hardly a young man in these parts that didn't use to set a spell with some or other, of that your father knows, Ezekiel. He was a kind brother then, as he has been ever since, and though I say it to his face, it's no more than he deserves, for all chemistries as we are now. He took an amazing deal of pains to find out all about the young men that took a shine to me, and he came pretty near the mark generally, though he wasn't always right, as that account in the Philadelfy Post has shown, after so many years."

Remember I'd been taken along as one of the family-circle gathered in the fire light, as his memory dwelt on the old times that I had seen but been talking of, and I now began to put that and that together, and to catch a notion of what the horrid accident had to do with the glances between my father and my mother, after a moment's silence.

As did the Israelite to Moses' rod,
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Now, if this had been said almost any other time, father would have gone into an argument with his son brother, but he didn't feel like it now. I could see that by his manner, and so could mother. Fanny looked as if she wanted to know why girl to ride out with him and know she wouldn't go, if the ride looked all together too much like company. Sometimes these girls in the set older than me would agree to a ride out with some spark, and then up and ask me to go too, for a spice in their heads, as I thought, for fashion sake to wish me further! But I didn't care for that as I had the ride. This, though, was my first regular sleigh ride, where a young man was expected to call for a girl on purpose to treat me to a jaunt, and to get a chance to throw one home about how pleasant a short journey was together, and all that sort of nonsense, that the young men were just as good at forty years ago, as they were now.

"I can truly and honestly say that I never had a pleasanter ride in my life. The bells jingled, and the snow flew, and the tough rang clear, and Mr. Bemis looked as if there never was a handsomer man. I felt proud of my beau, and so proud of his horse, as if he had been my own, and I'm afraid I was so divinine, as if I had held the reins, and as cheerful and happy as ever an artless, untroubled and innocent young girl could on a December day. I felt so sure, though my eyes were too well covered from the cold to feel the frost, Josh did make them tingle a little, where a person does, you know, Josh, when you are as old as I am, you will own, like me, that there is nothing in after life ever puts a woman into such a happy humor, as when she knows, for the first time, what is said for her own private ear, and nobody's else. It is such a delightful secret that you can't tell it to another woman, yet, you could keep it longer than till she met somebody to tell it to.

"Well, when we got to the stopping place, the Widow Gibbs what had been courted till the business had lost all its freshness, and the beaux, who had been paying attentions till they had to put on more of a flavor, and the perfection-time stage had come to be a falling family, they began to throw out their jokes and hints, and twits. Perhaps they thought it treated us, but I know that mostly I kept my face down to the ear, and then she turned to the rest, and such a scene as they put me into! I had forty minds in a minute to run that I never would speak to Josh again—that that I would run right out and walk home alone ten miles through the snow—and then that I certainly would pass on as if Josh and he would never trouble us more. Just that minute I heard a great hem! I knew him in the bar-room, where the fellows had all gone to order in refreshments. Then I knew that they were plaguing Jo too, and when he came in with the rest, he was trying to look as if he had heard nothing of the matter, and didn't care for nothing. But I couldn't help looking as if somebody had caught him, running away with a sheep upon his back—and of course, as all the rest were against us he was sure to help to help each other face them out. We couldn't help it—and on the whole, I guess we didn't want to. Being Josh and I, we were the youngest pair, and rather the most awkward, our sleigh was brought to the door last, and when Josh handed me in, he put in a word

she was energetic, and maintained her opinions with firmness and modesty.

Her sixty-one observed the difference in volume! The voice is as capable of alteration in speaking to singing, and I wonder that this has not become a subject of discussion. Those ought to be teachers of intonation in speaking, as well as of melody and harmony in singing. Miss Fanny has a native, a correct silvery-toned voice, and its clear ringing would extend practicable to our scenes long before it would grow faint.

Throughout that day, what a soother had I undergone! Mostly had I united and sympathized with myself in every one in the company, and every one had thought with him, to intercourse good Mapsey was unmarried, his peppermint complete. And now, in the quiet, pensive evening, I was thinking that I wanted to hear a tender ballad, or one of Burns' touching Scotch songs; but those fashionable airs that set music that which dazzles and surprises. A recollection of her singing, for an Indian song, was the most difficult of execution. It was one which required all the skill of a Malibran to execute, and in which no one more, she nearly failed. I intended with appreciation, but I could have spared myself the pain, for the vocal through it with the greatest ease, confidence, and ability, as none, or before, attempted it in my hearing, drew delight and admiration to honour those praises which it was intended to bring. Miss Fanny was positive, so perfect, so graceful, so fascinating, yet so incapable of loving!

The remainder of the evening was passed by me in a confused reverie, scarcely speaking to any one excepting in monosyllables, so that the party there, no doubt, called me a dull, stupid fellow. It was time to depart, and Miss Fielding handed me out, to the most agreeable manner, and apparently, as if she had been at the head of such an establishment all her life. I moved away with the rest of the enchanted group, not even distinguished by a separate nod.

CHAPTER III.

"Well," said Sophie, the next morning, "what sort of a visit was it? How did you like Miss Fielding? Is it a manor acquaintance? is she a golden still?"

"I had a very comfortable time, I assure you; and for my part I cannot tell what to say. I should think most of mine, as I flatter myself to be, in of love talks in her acquaintance that a few. I am very much disappointed, that is all; and I doubt whether I shall see her again by design."

"Yes, you will call there to-morrow," said Woodley; "and the same things of her when we next meet; one her again the first opportunity; continue to be nasty in love, as you have been to her for the last two hours within a month;—and perhaps—he married next spring; that is what you will do. Go with to this evening's tea, I entreat you, for the sake of our case; for, all this will come to pass."

"If I am silly enough to expose myself in the way you suggest, I deserve to be rejected; for most assuredly that will be the result. I am not, I agree in thinking, that she does not believe in a disinterested attachment; but is she not aware of her great beauty, her superior talents, her great natural gifts—in short, cannot she believe that a man may love her for herself alone, for pure, undefiled truth? Why, I should worship her all the same, if she was as penniless as her cousin Fanny."

"I can scarcely tell what she thinks exactly; but she had a awful example, some dissimilar case, and it is love affair between two of her friends, the young man proposary and a bewitching fine engagement, when the lady lost her fortune. This happened while she was in Europe, and I has made an indelible impression. But, persevere, and you will conquer at last, for little can withstand discourage you."

"But how shall I persevere, my sweet? You talk of a month! Why I doubt whether a twelve month would get me to the point. You, and all the rest of us have seen, how collected she was when we arose to leave her last evening. I most confess, I wanted to see a little more diffidence. There appeared to me, now that I think it over, that there was a little *display of ease*, and she knew display—not with the slightest doubt—to remember that I had it. Sophie, she was perfect throughout, and it was only her indifference to me in particular, that makes me cynical. Perhaps I should have been better pleased, and had shown more timidity; even some little mistakes, or awkwardness would have been more agreeable to my feelings; and yet, what a fool I am to be thus contradictory myself. I wanted to see a perfect woman, and here is one; yet I am finding fault."

"Now, Walter," said Sophie, "I love all this out of your head, and give all your thoughts to Fanny; to-morrow, we go there at seven, and dinner at eight o'clock."

"Miss Fielding out of my head! How can I do that, when she is fixed so firmly in my heart? That I admire her, is too cold a word: she has bewitched me, I think."

At seven, I was at the Woodleys', and we proceeded to the house of Miss Fielding's guardian. On the way there, I again referred to what I had heard concerning her handsome fortune; but Sophie would not allow me to turn the conversation that way, but, in a fit of assumed, I might say unfeeling to hurt the lady's feelings,

"I never heard the like in my life," was my cousin; "what if she does work for the poor, is it a reason your eyes to be clandestine?" Oh, James, stop laughing, will you. You say one she made you an agent that you are so sorry."

No, but I am so much vexed with Walter. How you can refrain from laughing at his chagrandine and his queer feelings, I cannot imagine. Fanny, I could not tell whether it were fire or not; and to crown all, she was in the light of one rather comely, and in the room, close by the fire, not Miss Fanny Fielding.

The introduction on my part, was not without embarrassment. Two things conspired to create the confusion in my mind; one was the frequent conversations we had about the young lady, and the other was the striking likeness of the portrait which I had seen of her face. As Miss Fielding stood, if I could judge by the dim light of the rather young evening moonlight, like here; but in many other respects there was a marked difference. The hair was darker, and hung over her face in one mass of confusion; and Sophie asked me, in a whisper, "if it was not beautiful."

Her dress was a plain dark cloth, and she wore over it a black silk apron, with large pockets, which appeared to be well filled—of pieces of pincushions and waistguards, I presumed. A large white muslin cross-barred cape an twenty covered her bust, and I could not tell whether it were fine or not; and to crown all, she had on a cap of thick muslin—looking gloves with the ends of the fingers cut off!

Miss Fielding was always elegantly dressed; and for her, of which she had great variety, was fixed and tasteful. The utmost fashion could not improve her; for I saw nothing of that description; her situation in life is too humble. She is only known among them as a person belonging to charitable institutions; and as all profligate men we meet with in London, are ashamed to be seen associating with married men who keeps two establishments, or a young rout, who purchases the society of a poor, weak, and friendless girl, and then, although prepared for it, I was vexed at heart to see Mossly leading Miss Fanny to the first cotillion. Seeing we had been expected, grateful and animated. When the dance was over, I followed her to the side, in the order by way of engaging her for the dance—"it was not in her power," she said, "as she was engaged to her cousin Walter."

I said her, that I had that evening been introduced to Miss Fanny Fielding. She looked at me with frigid indifference, and asked me if I had not mistaken her name, which she had been represented."

"No, you are not," said I; "at first I saw the resemblance between you, but now I see that it is impossible."

"Sir, Sir, I beg you, our eyes and hair are alike, and our height corresponds; these could not have changed during the interview."

"I do not think either the eyes or hair are of the same color; your cousin's are darker; and as to height, I cannot judge, as she stood up only a few moments. I should not, however, suppose she was so tall."

"But our voices are alike!"

"Not at all, not the least alike, although every now and then a particular intonation startled me. I have heard the voices of more distant relationship still more alike. Miss Fielding's voice is peculiarly her own, and that a broad would become her honor than envy; yet she is not to be blamed for that."

This was all the conversation that passed, for her partner claimed her hand, and there was no resisting; and I followed her graceful movements through the dance.

Miss Fanny is a splendid ball—the coming-out of Mrs. Stanley's daughter, all the ladies were beautifully dressed. My Fielding, however, was said to be dressed in the best taste, and there was no hesitation in awarding her the highest encomiums for it. Her dancer's were brilliant, but not large. How I wished for the power to point out the contrast in my mind of mine, in the little cluster which rested on her polished forehead. But enough of this; I shall not be able to do justice over to see it there. I had the pain of knowing, that I never occupied her thoughts beyond the moment of seeing her, and see. I had not even the good fortune to hand her to her carriage, being anticipated, while moving, by the officious fellow Mossly.

As Woodley predicted, I was at her door the next day, but he did not get in—she was engaged. My second visit was to see Miss Fielding alone, for I was not Fanny in the evening, for by that time I could talk. I besieged about, tried to read, but could not; and at last, in order to divert myself, I went all ill-used unhappy man.

A drunken man—just drunk enough to know his situation—puts on look of solemn gravity to disguise himself. Such was I in love, if I was, and foolishly. Acted, as was my case, but as great a dislike as the drunken man to the sober, was I to my own feelings, and deranged state of his intellects. I cannot, now, have the patience to go over the events of the next few days and evenings. Woodley and I was frightful, and advised me rather to get up a passive case of constitutional deficiency, as we were all agreed, were not in good keeping with the character I thought proper to assume.

I should have despaired, had it not been for my friend Woodley. "Come to the arms of nature," he, "and she will get accustomed to you; your devotion will be rewarded, and you will find that your character will remove her scruples. She knows that your passion is honorable, and that you are not to be moved by any heartless profligates in the world. Women have a great deal in their power, if they would exercise it. Yes see that women in general, and Miss Fielding in particular, are not the passive parties quite so finely as if they were exemplary husbands. Miss Fielding is right; she sees no other alternative, and she is right in thinking that she be done by breaking the oath he took at the altar—in this way, or in a court of justice. But this arises from the fact, that men themselves are very lenient in the case of their fraternity; and with his friend's wife, whereas, if he perjured himself at an election, he would lose caste entirely."

"Yes, that is true; and I honor Miss Fielding for taking so noble a stand. A woman like her, rich, and perfectly independent, can act as she likes, and she is not to be blamed. Walter, you are not sure of her, and perfectly independent, can act as she likes, and she is not to be blamed. Walter, you are not sure of her, and you have no right to be angry at her conduct. Her conduct

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CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 5th, the Speaker of the House took his seat at 12 o'clock. Five hundred and ninety-four members answered to the names, and a quorum being present, on motion of Mr. Cushing, the usual Committee was appointed to inform the Senate that the House was in session.

Mr. Adams gave notice, amid some confusion, in which laughter predominated, that he should bring in a motion to extend the 21st rule (relating to the Abolition petitions.)

Mr. Everett, of Vermont, gave notice that he should bring in a bill to amend the Bankrupt Law; and the House shortly after adjourned.

In the Senate, there were only twenty-four members present—a full quorum.

On Tuesday, there was no quorum in the Senate.

In the House, Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, gave notice of a bill to extend the time for the payment of the last instalment, in relation to the State Debts. Mr. Adams's 21st rule proposition came up again, when it was laid on the table, and the 21st rule was moved and lost by 95 to 93 votes against. A motion for the previous question was then carried, on the question, "Shall the 21st rule be rescinded at present?" it was not ordered—yeas 93, nays 79. The Speaker decided that under the rule the whole subject must come over the next day.

The death of Mr. Williams, of Maryland, was then announced by his colleague, and the House, after passing appropriate resolutions, adjourned.

On Wednesday, there was a quorum in the Senate, and the Message was received.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

We have assembed at the United States with renewed gratitude to the great Creator of all things for numberless benefits conferred upon us as a people. Blessed with general exemption from pestilence, our land has been filled with abundance; and the necessaries of life, not to speak of its luxuries, abound in every dwelling. While in some other nations sterile and industrious labor can hardly find a subsistence, we have enjoyed a greatful evil which we have to experience, it a surplus of production beyond the home demand, which, dealt out with difficulty finds a partial market in other regions. The balance of the account, for the past year, has, for the past year, been well preserved; and under their blessing and our institutions, the United States are rapidly advancing towards the full development of the high destiny which an overruling Providence seems to have marked out for them. Their union, from domestic convulsion and at peace with all the world, we are left free to devote all our faculties to the work of securing and advancing the happiness of the people. Such are the circumstances under which we have now assemble in your respective chambers, and which should lead us to unite in thanks and praise to that great Being who made us, and who preserves us as a nation.

I congratulate you, fellow-citizens, on the happy change in the aspect of our foreign affairs since our last annual meeting. The dangers of war with Great Britain existed between the United States and Great Britain, which threatened for a long time to involve them most seriously the public peace. The difficulty of amicably settling the question in controversy between the two countries was, in no small degree, augmented by the manner in which it originated. The opinions entertained by the Executive on several of the leading topics in dispute, were frankly set forth in the diplomatic correspondence of your last session. The appointment of a special mission by Great Britain to the United States was intended by that power to negotiate upon the points of difference, indicated a desire on her part to adjust them. That end this minister was met by the Executive in the true spirit which had dictated the measure. The correspondence which accompanied it, is herewith communicated. I trust that that which you may see in it nothing objectionable, it may be the source, in your sessing, for an indefinite period, the amicable relations between the United States and Great Britain. The question of peace or war between the United States and Great Britain, is one which the former has not only to themselves, but to the civilized world, since in a country where there is no civil war between them without endangering the peace of Christendom. The high responsibility of this fact upon ourselves will be felt in the severity affected to terminate controversy, and no longer apprehensive of interruption, adventure on operations of a permanent character, and, heighted with the determination to maintain our rights, we shall look forward. There is nothing in the Treaty which, in the slightest degree, compromises the honor of the American nation. Next to the settlement of the boundary line, which since existence as a nation of distinct sovereignties as between individuals, the question which seemed to threaten the most serious embarrassment, was that connected with the Ashburn slave trade.

By the 10th article of the Treaty of Ghent, it was expressly declared that "whereas the use of war is irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and business and whereas both His Majesty and the United States are desirous of continuing their efforts to promote the entire abolition of the slave trade, and to the contracting parties shall use their best endeavors to accomplish so desirable an object." The enforcement of the laws and treaty stipulations of Great Britain, it appears, has been attended in many parts of its colonies of subjecting to insurrection slaves holding under the American flag, which, while it seriously involved our maritime interests, has also excited attention a branch of our trade which was dealt to offending, and has produced complaints on the part of the Government. And although Lord Aberdeen, in his correspondence with our late minister, assured us that orders had been given to the officers of the British navy, expressly declaimed all right to detain an American ship, even on the high seas, even if found with cargoes of slaves on board, and restricted the British instructions to a mere claim of search, which could not be dissented by the Executive of the United States how such visit and enquiry could be made without violating the rights of the flag, and the quiet interruption to the trade. It was regarded by the right of search, promoted only by the power and expressed in different words; and I therefore felt it to be my duty to recommend the subject to your message to Congress, that no such concession could be made, and that the British claim to search in time of peace should be abandoned. The views of both Governments are now manifested by the treaty which, in the manner above stated, has settled with the civilized world the question of the right of search, and thus secured to the commerce of the United States the most valuable protection against the grasp of power.

The boundary line between the United States and the British provinces, from the mouth of the river St. Croix to the highlands which divide the waters flowing into the St. Lawrence from those which fall directly into the Atlantic ocean, had been definitely settled by the treaty of 1783, but the traces of the commissioners appointed to run the line, had, for the past year, been well preserved; and the country through which it passes, was, in many parts, unsettled, and in others altogether uninhabited. Hence arose difficulties in the execution of the treaty, which, in some other nations, would have been readily adjusted. But the mutual interest which both countries had in the maintenance of peace, induced them to regard these difficulties in a spirit of conciliation, and to remove them by amicable arrangement. Provision has been made by the Government of Maine for the appointment of a commissioner to act with one appointed on the part of the United States, and the Executive did not regard it as proper to withhold his assent to the measure, although the appointment of other officers of great magnitude and importance has been retained by the Executive, in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution. The commissioners appointed by the two governments, have, I understand, agreed upon a line, which they have submitted to their respective principals for their approval. If this line should be established by the competent authority of the two governments, the extent of territory in controversy between them will be reduced to comparatively small limits. A true spirit of conciliation exhibited during the discussion of this perplexing question, and a determination to establish a conventional line which would correspond with the treaty, as far as circumstances would permit, have, I trust, placed the relations of the two countries in future upon a more friendly basis than they have ever before occupied since the peace of 1783.

The Creek Indians, who reside within the limits of the State of Georgia, have, during the present year, been the subject of unfriendly legislation on the part of that State. Their right of occupancy to the lands which they have never been extinguished by treaty, and they have uniformly protested against any violation of it. Pending the negotiations between the United States and Georgia, which resulted in the treaty of January, 1826, the Creeks were induced to enter into a treaty stipulation, by which they ceded to the United States a portion of their territory, and the United States guaranteed to the residue the quiet enjoyment of their right of occupancy. Subsequently to the ratification of this treaty, the Creeks have been induced to cede the residue of their territory to the United States, and have emigrated to the country assigned them west of the Mississippi river. Their removal has been attended with much suffering, which, it is hoped, will be alleviated by the liberality of Congress. The Cherokees, who reside within the limits of the State of Georgia, have also been induced to cede the greater portion of their territory to the United States, and have made considerable progress in the arts of civilization. Their advancement in this respect has been arrested by the unwise legislation of Georgia, which has annulled the laws of the Cherokee nation, and has threatened to survey their lands, and to distribute them by lot among the citizens of the State. The Government of the United States has constantly regarded the Cherokees as a people whose right of occupancy to the lands which they have never been extinguished by treaty, and they have uniformly protested against any violation of it. Pending the negotiations between the United States and Georgia, which resulted in the treaty of January, 1827, the Cherokees were induced to enter into a treaty stipulation, by which they ceded to the United States a portion of their territory, and the United States guaranteed to the residue the quiet enjoyment of their right of occupancy. Subsequently to the ratification of this treaty, the Cherokees have been induced to cede the residue

Gems from the Poets.

SONNETS.

BY LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

I.

"My God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
Besides their other flames? Doth poetry
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of thee? and lays
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
Or since thy ways are deep and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name?
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
Each heart doth feel, no braver fuel choose
Than that which one day worms may chance refuse?

II.

"Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
Oceans of ink; for as the deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth thy majesty;
Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.
Roses and lilies speak Thee; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them is thy abuse.
Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
In the best face but filth; when, Lord, in thee
The beauty lies—in the discovery."

Popular Lectures.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Ring the bell—draw up the curtain—and let the drama begin."

LECTURE IX.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Robespierre and his Triumvirate—Payen's Letter—Robespierre's Power—Manufacture of Arms—Fears of Assassination—Fouquier Tinville's Tribunal of all Work—Blood Channels—Human Tanneries and Guillotine Wigs—An Anecdote—Anonymous Letters and Terrors of the Robespierrians—Attempts at Assassination—Cecile Renaud—Tappe-dure—Execution of the Princess Elizabeth—Modes of Trial and Accusations—Guillotine Statistics—Anecdotes of Fleury and Lavoisier—Other Anecdotes—Suicides—Robespierre finds religion useful—His Hypocritico-philosophic Speech in favor of the Supreme Being—Victory and a good Harvest—Convention condescends to decree that "there is a Supreme Being"—Festival to the Supreme Being—The Guillotine and Azrael, the Angel of Death.

The dread triumvirate—Robespierre, Couthon, and St Just—with Fouquier Tinville as public accuser, Collot d'Herbois and others equally atrocious, now reigned in blood. All their acts—Robespierre being Supreme Director, were founded according to his speeches before the paralyzed Convention, in a kind of philosophic fanaticism. Several new Tribunals, subordinate to the parent Revolutionary Tribunal, were formed, with twelve houses of arrest—the prisons containing from 7000 to 10 000 persons; and this horrible system was supported by the Jacobin Club, the Municipalities and the vilest of the populace. To show the sanguinary fanaticism that prevailed, I will read a letter addressed to Robespierre by Payen, his friend in the Municipality of Paris. "Would you strike to the earth the refractory deputies, bring forward a report that may strike at once all the disaffected. Pass decrees to restrain the public journals; render all the public functionaries responsible to you alone. I repeat it; you require a vast report, which may embrace at once all the conspirators, and blend them altogether." Although Robespierre depreciated the value of the victories on the frontier and Low Countries, and even evinced jealousy of Carnot who was constantly "organizing victory"—lest the generals should gain too much influence and popularity; yet he possessed an immense military power. Henriot, his supporter at the expense of any crime, commanded the forces in the capital, and France had altogether fourteen armies on foot; while every street and every city resounded with the noise of forges manufacturing arms and shot. The terrors of Robespierre, as in the case of every tyrant, were extreme. Both he and his coadjutors lived in momentary fear of assassination. Fouquier started at the slightest noise. Once, going through the gate of a garden in the evening, he heard a noise and was instantly overcome with terror—his knees shaking violently. A friend was with him, to whom he said

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ed. At the scaffold, Elizabeth, with tears in her eyes, thanked the Marchioness, and regretted she could not reward her. The Marchioness replied, "Embrace me and I am rewarded." The Princess folded her in her arms, saying, "Right willingly, Marquise de Crusol, and with my whole heart." They then ascended the fatal platform, and were soon launched into the world of spirits. By way of showing the nature of the revolutionary tribunal, and the character of its trials and condemnations, it will be instructive, but not amusing, to give a few extracts from the official "General List of the Condemned."

Jean Julien, wagoner, having been sentenced to 12 years hard labor, took it into his head to cry "*Vive le Roi.*" He was brought back, condemned to the guillotine, and executed September, 1793.

Jean Baptiste Henry, aged 18, journeyman tailor, convicted of having sawed a tree of liberty, executed September 6, 1793.

Bernard A. d'Alsac, aged 51, ex-noble, late captain in the 11th regiment, and formerly in the sea service, convicted of having *betrayed several towns and several ships* to the enemy, executed January 10th, 1794.

Stephen T. O. Baulny, aged 35, ex-noble, convicted of having entrusted his son, aged 14, to a *garde du corps*, in order that he might emigrate, executed January 10, 1794.

Henriette de Marbœuf, aged 55, widow of the Marquis de Marbœuf, convicted of having *hoped for* (*desired*) the arrival of the Austrians and Prussians; condemned February 5th 1794, and executed the same day.

Jacques de Beume, a Dutch merchant, convicted of being the author and accomplice of a plot in June, 1790, tending to encourage our enemies, by negotiating by way of a loan, certain bonds of £100 each, bearing 5 per cent. interest, of George, Prince of Wales, Frederic, Duke of York, and William Henry, Duke of Clarence; executed February 14th, 1794.

Jacques Duchesne, aged 60, formerly a servant, since a broker; Jean Sauvage, aged 34, gunsmith; Françoise Loiselier, aged 47, milliner; Marie Magdalene Virolle, aged 25, female hair-dresser, convicted of having in the city of Paris, where they resided, composed writings, stuck bills, and *pousse de cris*, (uttered cries,) condemned May 8th, 1794, and executed the same day.

Genevieve Gouvon, aged 77, seamstress, convicted of having been the author or accomplice of various conspiracies formed since the beginning of the Revolution by the enemies of the people and liberty, tending to create civil war, to paralyze the public, and to

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Choice Selections.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married, as the world says—well! Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, and at such times I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes moving before me in their pride of life weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now forbidden tenderness; and how thrillingly the allowed kiss, and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and, with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through his heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripen into dignity, and her bright loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent love and the same delicate attentions which first won her, and fair children are growing up about them, and they go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die!

I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency of feeling touched by loveliness, that fears nothing for itself; and if ever I yield to darkened feelings, it is because the light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling upon such changes, and I will not minutely now. I allude to it only because I trust that my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who daily move across my path; and I would whisper to them, as they glide by joyously and confidently, the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar.

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family. They could scarcely form a conception of a physician, such as we see him here, riding day and night, keeping half a dozen horses, following the pestilence to enrich science with its spoils, attending the poor from charity, accumulating fortunes from the infirmities of the human family, but not unfrequently losing his life in the effort. The mistress of the house had never known a fever, old as she was—her blooming daughters looked incredulous when we described the ravages of disease in other parts of the State, and certain it is, that none of them had ever before seen one the worse for having rode six hours in wet clothes. When we took leave of our kind friends, it was in vain we offered them compensation. They welcomed us to every thing, and we set off with our pockets filled with biscuit, jerked venison and *potato chips*, a sort of crystalized preserve, steeped in syrup and then dried in the sun.

THE LOVE OF OTHER DAYS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

It was the sunset hour, and richly fell the gleam
In beauty blended o'er the earth, rose-hued and golden beam;
It played about a casement, an old man rested there,
But pallid were his aged lips, so was his whited hair.

Calm seemed the old man's slumber, why drew they back in dread?
It was the calmness of the grave, the slumber of the dead.
We trembled at the warning, that tells us from the earth
A spirit hath, in joyfulness, sprung to a holy birth.

Within his withered fingers, clasped with a dying hold,
There seemed a gem of beauty; did the old man prize the gold?
Oh! shame on such base feeling; when they loosed the stiffen'd hand,
A lovely pictur'd face was there, a dark and braided band.

Oh! Love, unchanged, unchangeable, Time hath o'er thee no power,
And pleasant was the old man's death, at sunset's glowing hour;
Amidst the fields of memory, the sorrow's course may run,
The sun of other days can shed light o'er the closing one.

ELLA.

Laver's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE RETREAT.

My cell, for such it was, although dignified with the appellation of chamber, looked out by a small window upon a narrow street, the opposite side to which was formed by the wall of a church-yard pertaining to a convent. As day broke I eagerly took my place at the casement to watch what was going on without; but except some bare-headed figure of a monk gliding along between the dark yew avenues, or some female in deep mourning passing to her morning's devotions beside the grave of a relative, I could see nothing; a deep silence seemed to brood over the city, so lately the scene of festivity and mirth. Towards four o'clock, however, I could hear the distant roll of drums, which gradually extended from the extreme right to the left of the plain before the town; then I heard the heavy monotonous tramp of marching, broken occasionally by the clank of the brass bands of the cavalry, or the deep sullen thunder of the artillery wagons, as they moved along over the paved roads; the sounds came gradually nearer; the trumpets too joined the clamor with the shrill *reveillé*, and soon the street towards the front of the prison re-echoed with the unceasing clatter of troops moving forward. I could hear the voices of the officers calling to the men to move up; heard more than once the names of particular regiments, as some distinguished corps were passing; the music of the bands was quick and inspiriting, and as some popular air was struck up, the men would break forth suddenly into the words, and the rough-voiced chorus rang through the narrow streets, and fell heavily on my own heart, as I lay there a prisoner. Hour after hour did this continue; but yet the silence behind remained as unbroken as ever; the lonely church-yard, with its dark walls and sad looking trees, was still and deserted.

By degrees the din in front diminished; regiments passed now only at intervals, and their pace increased

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SONG.

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And whatever may be your devotion
Yet come most unchangeably burn
As deep and as broad as the sea
Must the love of a fond woman be
Yet wild as the waves of the ocean
When doom'd of deception to learn!

You come in the day of my splendor,
Before my young beauty to bow!
But in my decay will you render
The homage you pay to me now?
Oh, ne'er in the bloom of her morn
Is a maiden left ever forlorn
But when years implore a defender,
Fickle man often falls from his vow!

Come, come when the daylight is leaving
The stars of the ev'ning to shine,
And say that in gladness or grieving
You will ever and ever be mine.
And thine thro' all joy or all shame—
Thine, thine with a passionate flame;
Yes, e'en tho' I knew thee deceiving
Oh, still must I ever be thine!—PHAZMA.

THE UNIVERSAL SWEET POTATO.

The following amusing illustration of the diversified uses to which Sweet Potatoes may be applied, we extract from Col. Claiborne's graphic sketches of a "*Trip thro' the Piney Woods*" in the eastern part of Mississippi.

In answer to our eager shout a female voice that sounded most benignantly, bade us "light." We walked in, drenched and dripping, and found ourselves at the residence of an aged widow, who with four daughters and three sons, have lived there many years, their nearest neighbor being twelve miles off. They owned a large stock of cattle, and the three *boys* (so the good mother called her sons, who were tall enough for Prussian grenadiers) were then absent with a drove. Finding ourselves welcome, we stripped our horse, and led him to a small stable that stood near. We found the trough filled with *potatoes*, and the rack with hay made of the dried vines. Our horse ate them with great relish. On this farm, as on most of the others in the same locality, a few acres are cowpened and planted in corn, for bread; an acre or two for rice; but the main crop is the *sweet potato*. Some nations boast of their palm tree, which supplies them with food, oil, light, fuel, shelter and clothing—but it will be seen that we have in the potatoe, a staple article, scarcely inferior to it. It will grow upon soils too thin to produce corn, and with little culture. It may be converted into a valuable manure. *For forage, it is excellent.* Hogs and cows

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The Humorist.

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The Olio.

MECHANICAL OPERATIONS OF THE MOUTH.—Some of the operations of the mouth are deserving of particular notice. They will be found to elucidate several philosophical principles, and attention to them would certainly have enabled inventors to have anticipated many useful discoveries. We have, in a preceding book observed, that the mouth is often employed as a forcing pump in ejecting liquids, and a sucking one when drawing them through syphons or through simple tubes. We have just seen how it raises hot liquids, by drawing a stream of air over them, and machines, on the same principle, have been made to raise water. It is often used as a bellows, to kindle; and every body employs it to cool hot victuals, by blowing. It even acts as a stove, to warm our frozen fingers, by giving out heated air.

Many make a condensing air-pump of it, to fill bladders, air-beds, and air-pillows; some make an exhausting one of it; and in all it acts continually as both in respiration. How often does it perform the part of a fife, an organ, or a whistle, to produce music!—of an air-gun, to shoot bullets and arrows from the scarbacan!—and, not to weary the reader, when employed in smoking a pipe of tobacco, we see in operation the identical principle of increasing the draft of locomotive chimneys by exhaustion—i. e. a sucking apparatus is applied to that extremity of the flue that is farthest from the fire—a device patented in Europe a few years ago.—*Ewbank's Hydraulics and Mechanics.*

DR. PALEY, in his "Natural Theology," introduces the autumn Crocus, *Colchicum autumnale*, as a striking instance of the compensatory system. "I have," says he, "pitied this poor plant a thousand times. Its blossom rises out of the ground in the most forlorn condition possible, without a sheath, a fence, a calyx, or even a leaf to protect it; and that not in the spring, not to be visited by summer suns, but under all the disadvantages of the declining year. When we come, however, to look more closely into the structure of this plant, we find that nature has gone out of her course to provide for its security, and to make up to it for all its defects. The seed-vessel, which in other plants is situated within the cup of the flower, or just beneath it, in this plant lies under ground, within the bulb. The tube of the flower extends down to the root. The germ grows up in the spring, upon a footstalk, accompanied with leaves, the seeds have thus the benefit of the summer, and are sown upon the surface. The order of vegetation externally is this: the plant produces its flowers in September, its leaves and fruits in the spring following."

"NO MAN CAN ever borrow himself out of debt. If you wish for relief, you must work for it. You must make more and spend less than you did while you were running in debt. You must wear homespun instead of broadcloth, drink water instead of champagne, and rise at four instead of seven.

…